

[Fill] Fm Fm Fm Fm - Fm Fm - ... - ... - Ow  
[Intro] Fm C# G# D# - ... - Uhuh - Yeah yeah - ...

I've known a few guys  
Who thought they were pretty smart  
But you've got being right - Down to an art  
You think you're a genius - You drive me up the wall  
You're a regular original - A know-it-all

Shania  
Twain

Oh, woh - You think you're special [Pre-Chorus]  
Oh, woh - You think you're something else Bb F D# D#

[Chorus] X X X X - (C# G# D# Fm x3) - C# G# (D# D#)  
Okay - (So you're a rocket scientist) Fm X X X

That don't impress me much - ...  
(So you got the (brain)) - But have you got the touch  
Now don't get me wrong, yeah - I think you're alright  
But that won't keep me warm  
(In the middle of the night) - ...

That don't impress me much [Intro]

I never knew a guy - Who carried a mirror in his pocket  
And a comb up his sleeve - Just in case

And all that extra hold gel  
In your hair, oughta lock it  
'Cause, Heaven forbid

That Don't  
Impress Me Much

It should fall outta place [Pre-Chorus] [Chorus]  
(So you're Brad Pitt)

You're one o' those guys [Instru - Intro] (x4)

Who likes to shine his machine  
You make me take off my shoes - Before you let me get in  
I can't believe - You kiss your car goodnight

C'mon baby, tell me - You must be jokin', right [Pre-Chorus]  
Chorus]

[Chorus (.../D# D# x2) (So you've got a car)

Lines #1~10-3~11] ((moves)/You think you're cool)

[Intro] (On the long, cold, lonely night)

Okay - So what do you think, you're Elvis or something  
... - Whatever - (... - ... x2) - That don't impress me